

OKLAHOMA WEATHER.—
Tonight fair, colder; frost in
south portion. Thursday fair.

THE ADA EVENING NEWS

All the News
While It Is News

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MUSKOGEE NEGRO REFUSED PARDON IN WRIT ACTION

Habeas Corpus Action Fails
to Secure Release of
Xenophon Jones.

SEAL NOT ON PAPERS

Oklahoma City Attorneys Try
for Release of Jones on
Walton Papers.

(By the Associated Press) EUFAUL, Nov. 22.—Application for a writ of habeas corpus filed by attorneys for Xenophon Jones, wealthy Muskogee negro killer, was denied in district court here late yesterday by Judge E. A. Summers of Wagoner, Jones, who is serving a 25-year term in the state penitentiary, based his plea on the fact that an alleged pardon had been issued to him by former Governor J. C. Walton on the day of his suspension from office and had been subsequently voided by M. E. Trapp on becoming acting governor.

A writ was also denied to Ed Warring, convicted at Ponca of the murder of his wife after a sensational trial in which experts testified that they found poison in her viscera.

Judge Summers refused "Jones' application on the grounds that the alleged pardon "had not been properly attested or properly authenticated by the secretary of state."

It was indicated that an appeal would be taken to the supreme court.

McALESTER, Nov. 22.—A pardon for Xenophon Jones was presented at the state penitentiary late yesterday by attorneys Moiman Pruitt and Orban Patterson of Oklahoma City. It is said to have borne the signature of J. C. Walton as governor but did not bear the "official" seal of the state nor the attestation of the secretary of state. Warden Townsend refused to honor the order and it was then that the attorneys got into a taxi and made a hurried trip to Eufaula where an effort was made in the court to obtain Jones' release on a writ of habeas corpus. The writ was refused.

No papers for the release of Ed Warring were presented at the penitentiary and the action of habeas corpus was a plea to have Warring released on the revoking of a commuted time sentence. Walton had refused Warring's sentence from life to a term of six years. The Walton order had been revoked, it was alleged, when Walton found the representations on which the commutation was recommended were fraudulent. It was claimed by pardon and parole officers that records from the files had been altered and a page presented with the application for pardon that was authentic part of the record.

Struggle Evident in
Slaying of Woman and
Daughter; Start Probe

(By the Associated Press) SAVANNAH, Ga., Nov. 22.—In a pool of blood with several cuts on the throat and everything about indicating a severe struggle the body of Mrs. Agnes Mudie was found by her husband, a mechanic, when he returned to his home seven miles from here last night.

Beside the body of the mother with her toys strewn about, was the body of the baby daughter Doris who had been struck dead by a blow from a hatchet.

As soon as the alarm was given county police called by the husband went to the scene. It was found that the mother and baby had been dead from six to eight hours. Blood hounds failed to take the scent and police declare they have no clue to the slayer.

Continue Search for
Missing Bodies in
Factory Explosion

NEW IBERIA, La., Nov. 22.—Search continued today for additional bodies in the ruins of the Vida sugar refinery at Lorraine, 10 miles east of here, which was razed late yesterday by a boiler explosion killing at least nine persons and injuring 15 others, five of them probably fatally.

A check up of the refinery's pay rolls disclosed that three employees were unaccounted for and it was feared they had been buried under the debris of the plant which was completely wrecked, causing an estimated loss of \$100,000.

P. T. A. Association
The Parent-Teachers Association of the High School will meet at 7:30 Friday evening at the school building instead of this evening as formerly announced.

YOUNG PRINCE MAY RULE BAVARIA; MONARCHISTS FAVOR RUPPRECHT'S BOY



Prince Albrecht holding his little step-brother, son of the former Princess Antoinette of Belgium.

Prince Albrecht, only surviving son of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria and his first wife, is now being referred to by Bavarian papers as "the crown prince." There is growing belief that eventually

MISTAKEN IDENTITY IS CLAIM IN MOB WHIPPING

Conflict Last Obstacle to An-
nual Battle With Duran-
Thanksgiving.

Launched on their last trip from the local haunts during the present football season, East Central's Tigers were ready to dispose of their last obstacle to the traditional annual conflict with the Southeastern Savages here on Turkey Day.

Eighteen men boarded an early morning train for Alva where they tangle with the Northwestern Rangers Friday afternoon in the game that paves the way for the conflict with the Duran Savages.

While the Tigers are confident of victory over the Rangers, the confidence is backed by a period of strenuous training and a thorough preparedness for the fray.

Through the Alva game Friday, East Central fans may gather a bit of dope on the possible outcome of the annual battle with the traditional rivals here Thanksgiving. Duran sustained a heavy victory over the Rangers, while other games of comparison may be found in the Edmond, Oklahoma City College and Northeastern tilt and under the glare of inspection, East Central may well point with pride to the prospects.

The aerial attack is expected to play a large part in the Tiger offensive in the Friday game. Potts may be kept out of the fray unless his aid is needed in defeating the Rangers. Potts suffered injuries in the last game at Oklahoma City.

Five Counties Plan Celebration on Anti- Walton Basis Saturday

(By the Associated Press) OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 22.—A bandit announced an "anti-Walton celebration" at Temple, Custer county Saturday night to celebrate "Freedom from King Jack the First" was received here today by Speaker W. D. McBoe of the lower house of the legislature.

Five counties, Cotton, Jefferson, Titman, Comanche and Stephens are invited to "come and enjoy the evening."

W. T. Pitwell, former member of the legislature, and others will speak, according to the announcement.

LEGISLATORS EXONERATED ON AUTO TAG INDICTMENT

(By the Associated Press) OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 22.—State legislators who obtained automobile license tags at \$1.00 each will not be able to do so in the future. The books are closed on past debts and the recipients of the tags exonerated in an opinion signed today by George Short, attorney general.

Short held that inasmuch as the highway department put bargain prices into effect for the solons, only the highway department was to be blamed.

Cotton

The week of fair weather has given the farmers a chance to get out their cotton and they have been making good use of their opportunity. Tuesday 79 bales were received at the county scales and Wednesday at 3 o'clock 55 bales had arrived.

The season's receipts at the scales totaled 1,991 bales and 536 round bales had been ginned, which counted as half-bales equalled 263 bales. This puts the total for the season at 2,259.

Oklahoma Man Suicide.

OKMULGEE, Nov. 22.—E. E. Grey, aged about 40 years, shot and killed himself this morning at his home here, according to the police. Despondency over financial difficulties was given as the cause of his suicide, according to a statement which police say his wife made to them.

OLD REGIME NOW ENDED IN STATE AS TRAPP MOVES

Governor Takes Up Abode in
Executive Quarters at
State Capitol.

MANY CHANGES MADE

Criminal Charges of Court
Expected to Grip Walton
for His Deed.

(By the Associated Press)

OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 22.—The new administration took possession of the executive offices at the state capitol today. The doors of the blue room, the reception parlor of the chief executive, were opened for the first time since January. Heavy carpets and three rooms yesterday were cluttered with scattered papers and files discarded when the Walton office personnel withdrew. This morning workmen had taken out flimsy partitions which afforded limited privacy to the former executive's secretary and the governor's advisers and the piles of debris were missing.

In the governor's private office the little brass donkey, the silent mascot of the late leader, was gone. Nor were the framed diplomas, certificates and photographs of J. C. Walton, taken with General Pershing, Billy Sunday and others, any where to be seen.

Possibility that criminal action will be instituted against Walton in connection with his official acts as governor, loomed today.

The district court grand jury here which considered the evidence upon which the deposed governor was convicted and removed from office by the senate court of impeachment, has drawn indictments, it is understood, and will report today to Judge George W. Trapp let it be known today that he is preparing a message to the state legislature recommending the appointment of committees from both houses to co-operate with him in making a survey of the state government upon which reforms would be based.

The governor declared he intended to see to it that "\$1 will buy \$1 worth of government."

Trapp announced he had ordered all contracts for state work let on a strict competitive basis and that he did not contemplate summary removal of the state board of affairs or appointive heads of departments.

"Persons who work hard and give the state value received for the money they are paid have nothing to fear," the executive asserted.

"The question of jobs is the least important one in the state's business. I will not talk jobs with any one."

—

HONEST BILL CIRCUS AT ADA DECEMBER 1

Honest Bill's show is returning to Ada for winter quarters. However, before settling down for the season, a performance will be given in Ada. This will be on Saturday, December 1.

Mr. Newton, the owner of the show, has offered to give the entire proceeds of this final performance to the building fund of the Presbyterian church of Ada and the offer has been accepted.

This show has made its winter headquarters here for several years and Mr. Newton has from the very first been a booster for Ada and Pontotoc county.

Noted Educator is
Guest of Teachers
College for Week

Dr. C. R. Cherred, professor in Peabody Teachers College of Nashville, Tenn., has been a guest of the East Central State Teachers College the last few days. He is making the rounds of fifty or sixty teachers colleges with a view of writing a book on administration of such schools. Wednesday morning he addressed the students of the college on Educational Leadership. He stressed particularly the importance of proper training for educational leaders.

Dr. Cherred expressed himself as being delighted with the system in vogue here and the methods used in training teachers for this section. He was enthusiastic over what Oklahoma as a state is doing to train her future citizens.

Georgia Woman Honored

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Mrs. Frank Harrold of Americus, Georgia, was elected today president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention here, defeating Mrs. Amos Morris of Florida, her only opponent.

MODERN FEMINIST WITH BOBBED HAIR IS WIFE OF TROTSKY, RED MINISTER



Mme. Natalia Ivanovna Trotsky.

Natalie Ivanovna Trotsky, wife of Leon Trotsky, Russian Soviet minister of war, is herself an active worker in the communist circles. She is chairman of the committee for the aid of crippled soldiers and is organizing workshops throughout Russia to help disabled soldiers.

SHORN OF GLORY, COOK IS VICTIM OF COURT WRATH

Arctic Explorer Sentenced to
Fourteen Years in the
Federal Prison.

ASSOCIATES PUNISHED

Stinging Denunciation Given
Sentenced Man by Judge —
in Case.

(By the Associated Press) FORT WORTH, Tex., Nov. 22.—Shorn of any glory that might accrue because of his spectacular oil promotions and his colorful adventures in the ice-bound regions of the poles, Dr. Frederick A. Cook passed a cell in the Tarrant county jail today. His last oil promotion, the Petroleum Producers Association, was his undoing.

Late yesterday Dr. Cook was sentenced to 14 years and eight months in the Leavenworth penitentiary by Judge John M. Killits of Toledo, O., who tried the case. Added to the sentence is a fine of \$12,000.

The defendant was charged with using the mails to defraud. If he appeals his case he must arrange a bond of \$75,000, perhaps the largest ever named in Texas.

Joseph W. Bailey, his senior counsel, said he could not provide the sum demanded and if he could not Dr. Cook must stay in the county jail until his appeal is heard. If he does make it he must remain in jail until the record of the trial is perfected and approved by Judge Killits. This may require several weeks.

In jail with Dr. Cook are thirteen of his former associates. Cook left the court room with the most stinging denunciation ever heard in Texas ringing in his ears. After he had accused Cook of robbing widows, orphans, aged and destitute Judge Killits said:

"Cook, have you no decency at all? Are you not haunted at night by the faces of pitiable figures you have robbed? How can you sleep?"

Known as an Explorer.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook first became internationally known in 1909, when, upon arriving in Copenhagen from a trip into the far north, he announced that he had discovered the North Pole. His story was accepted as true and he was received there with high honors.

Upon returning to this country Dr. Cook published reports of his journey and wide credence was given his narration for some time. Since then his claims have been disputed, and he ultimately was branded as a faker, but in the meantime he was the recipient of many honors. He was made president of the Explorers club, New York, and a member of the Kings County Medical society, the American National Geographical society, the American Alpine Club and lesser organizations.

Dr. Cook was graduated with a degree of doctor from the New York University College of Medicine in 1890 and the following year was appointed surgeon to the Peary Antarctic expedition. Two years later he led a party up the west coast of Greenland, and the next year he explored the south portion of the same island.

In 1897 Dr. Cook was appointed surgeon to the Belgian Antarctic expedition and as a result he received numerous decorations including the Order of Leopold, the gold medals of the Belgian Royal Society and the Municipality of Brussels, and the silver medal of the Belgian Royal Geographical Society.

Again yielding to the lure of the North, Dr. Cook, in 1903, undertook an expedition to reach the summit of Mt. McKinley, the highest point on the American continent, more than 20,000 feet above the sea level. The expedition failed but in 1906 he financed another and this time he claimed to have been successful.

It was three years later that he announced his claim to have reached the North Pole.

Dr. Cook has written voluminously for magazines along the lines of ethnology, anthropology, geography and other sciences from his observations in the Arctic and Antarctic. He was the author of several books, including "Through the First Antarctic Night." In 1913 and 1914 he lectured in this country and in England, but led a life of comparative retirement until he came to Fort Worth in 1919, and went into the oil business.

WHITEHURST TO BE CLEARED
OF ALL STATE CHARGES

(By the Associated Press) OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 22.—John A. Whitehurst, president of the state board of agriculture, will be exonerated of all charges made against him in a report to be filed sometime this week by the house committee of investigation, according to statements today by members of the committee. The committee has virtually completed a week of inquiry into the allegations.

Notice Poultry Breeders. Pontotoc Poultry Association will meet tonight at 7:30 at the Ada News to make final plans for the show to be held next month.

Japan has 117 pencil factories.

Christmas Seals to be Sold.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Christmas seals of the National Tuberculosis Association will be on sale during the Christmas holidays in all postoffice lobbies throughout the country where space is available.

Postmaster General New, directing postmasters to permit reasonable use of their buildings for the sale of Christmas seals, said the department would cooperate to the fullest extent consistent with the performance of its own service.

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Read all the ads all the time.

The Red Lock

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of
"The Blue Moon"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"Let 'er alibit 'n' I murthered when at a safe dis'nce. Let 'er think I couldn't find 'er. She'd think if I couldn't the fox can't, and he's her greatest dread right now."

The trees were hardly leaved out enough yet to conceal a man walking endlessly through them, or fully keep back the sun from peeping down through the thick tangle of twigs and boughs of the hickory buds had already burst and sprung wide apart, the delicate green of the crinkled, newborn leaves appearing in sharp contrast to the purple sheen lining the rent scales. The oaks had begun to thrust forth the tender tips of their new foliage, investing the walking forest with a tint of faint grayish red as if to the infant leaves some trace of the birth blush still clung.

Upon the floor of the woods spring had already spread a carpet of infinite color and design, new and bright and still unsullied—here a fancy spangled pattern of spring beauties; there a pattern of solid green where the mayapples opened their umbrellas to the light, in readiness to shield the fragile flowers of white wax that were soon to hover beneath their sheltering folds; and draped over all, a shimmering silver haze, the gracious benefaction of the skies.

The man stopped before a crabapple tree, the buds of which were opened just enough to make one curious to see more of the beautiful mystery folded tentatively away within the protecting scales. Already some bees, pioneers of their tribe, fussed about the aromatic clusters of peeling color, gathering statistics on the season's honey crop.

A beekeeper stirred the trees, as if the woods were taking a deeper breath. Jack lifted his shoulders and filled his lungs with the nectar-laden air. Warned by the exuberance of life that rustled and quivered and thrived around him there gusted up within him the jubilation of a man won to by the golden day into almost primal closeness to nature. He dropped the butt of the gun to the ground, leaned tightly upon it, and stood listening to the duli drowsing of the bugs.

A bush of red flamed through the trees and stopped almost directly above his head in the top twigs of a hickory sapling and there swelled out a wild burst of reckless melody that clothed the hickory with music as the opening buds clothed the crabapple tree with beauty.

"I thought so, ol' warcoat," the man muttered, glancing up. "You know where she is, don't you?"

He stepped softly toward the crabapple tree—the wild songburst in the hickory ceasing the instant he moved—and peered in through the gnarled limbs and tangled twigs.

Snugged down among some drifted dead leaves he found it, the treasure that inspired the cardinal's song—a roughly built, deep little nest, and, shining above its edge, a dark glossy crest, some "sum" feathers, a short heavy red... and a round glistening eye, black as a dewberry.

He let the gun be had bent wide, swing slowly back into place, and stood ready.

"Always two," ran his thoughts—a pair of mates—it's nature's way. Pheasants and cardinals and folks—they're all the same—though birds

ROCKY CHAPEL

Sunday school is progressing nicely at present. Last Sunday we had a large crowd out.

Miss Nora Chapman was on the piano last week.

Miss Gladys Fussell spent Wednesday with Ruth Price.

Marcia Phillips was in Ada Thursday on business.

Miss Ruby Fussell spent Wednesday with Jewell Chapman.

Mr. A. Fussell was in Wilson community Tuesday and visited his two brothers Ed and Jeff Fussell.

Mr. and Delphia Smith were in Ada Friday.

Leo Stogall filled his regular appointment Sunday and Sunday night.

Jewell Chapman spent Thursday night with Ruby Fussell.

Delphia Smith spent Sunday with Gladys Fussell.

Both Price and Ruby Fussell were the Sunday guests of Ida Smith.

Orl Clampitt spent the week end with home folks.

Ed Chapman spent Wednesday night with J. M. Herrin.

Harvey Ledbetter was in Ada Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Howard and children Flossie and Burl spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ledbetter.

Ruby and Gladys Fussell spent Friday night with Nora and Jewell Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts of the Wilson community visited his father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Saturday night and Sunday.

Dibrell Ledbetter spent Saturday

and beasts alwys run true, while folks—sometimes—oh, well—"

He walked away toward the west, coming at length to where the upland ended abruptly in the line of wooded bluffs that fell steeply to the deep and winding rear of Eagle hollow, and the exact point where the double trail had run plainest the day before—a fact that had doubtless brought him just there. He bent a critical look upon the loutish trap; carefully crossed it; stepped out under a clump of haw trees at the very brink of the bluff and stood keenly searching the woods in every direction.

Below him and a short distance farther down the hollow an old deserted cabin of mud-daubed logs squatted against the bluff a few yards back from the Eagle Hollow road. The place had a reputation in the Flatwoods. It was the morning home of Henry Spencer, a woodchopper, who, on a winter night years before, while in a drunken frenzy, had murthered his wife and infant daughter with an ax, then had wandered out half naked and frozen to death in the snow.

What had once been yard and tiny garden was now overrun with weeds so rank that storms and snow could no longer break them down. A fallen oak had but just missed the cabin, and lay so close to one corner that some wild cucumber vines of the season before had crossed to the ruined roof and still hung in brown and dead festoons stretched from the fast decaying clapboards to the frayed warped branches.

A pair of chimney swallows, true prophets of summer, darted in and out of the crumbling chimney. A yellow-bammer hopped down out of the woods, lighted upon the dry and sounding comb-board and drummed a challenge to all and sundry other yellow-hammers—or was it a love call to his mate in the dead limb of a sycamore down at the creek across the road?

The sound drew the eyes of the man. At the moment one of the swallows rose above the roof. As he followed its flight, the chimney and gables of the re-roofed cottage, nearly a mile away down the hollow, came unexpectedly within his range of vision. His brows drew together; he gripped the shotgun; turned and strode through the fringing branches back among the trees.

Half a mile farther up the hollow, at the point where he had left off following the double trail the day before, he picked his way down the rough and stony side of the wooded bluff to the road. He was just in the act of stepping out from the fringing trees to cross it when the soft swish of a bush a short distance above caught his quick ear.

Remembering that sinister face behind the log, he threw the heavy shotgun behind the log, he threw the heavy shotgun

and was gone. He strode a surprised step after her, even called softly. There came back to him only the low swish of the bushes and the soft fall of receding steps.

Like a shadow the girl—a far wanderer from the Kentucky mountains—had come; like a shadow gone. One moment the swaying bushes had flared forth her face, with its startled eyes, the next moment had swallowed it up.

The woodsman came back to the edge of the road and stood pondering her message—her warning; felt over in his careful way each hushed word; tried to cast them up and arrive at the exact sum total of them. The thought crossed his mind that she might have been wrought up over an imaginary danger; but no, it was real enough that she had dared personal harm to warn him—and her eyes were honest. That the man who had glowered at him over the log was in some way associated with Loge Belden he had already surmised from the fact that the man had taken up Belden's quarrel at the schoolhouse—besides, his trail had led that way. But the utmost of their combined grievances could hardly warrant such a threat as the mountain girl had plainly hinted. There must be something back of it all—something that cut deeper than gaunt hands and sore jaws.

The girl's last muttered words—that third man! that "waits, an' sides his time, an' when he strikes, he kills"—suddenly assumed a deeper meaning. He darted a quick look down the hollow—a deep scar winding like the trail of a dragon between the hills—where, more than a mile away, hidden from view by the dense woods, the village lay like some happy creature that had barely escaped the dragon's jaws; then frowned toward the narrow valley's head where the weather-blackened roof of a squall cabin could barely be seen through the trees. A slow sternness crawled into his eyes; he dropped the butt of the shotgun to the leaves; teed upon it, and stood staring down at the road.

Gradually, as he stared, there grew upon him the consciousness of an outline of a single footprint at the other side of the road—detached, alone, apparently with no mark of any kind leading either to it or from it. The singular fact of its seemingly perfect isolation slowly reached him, and won a place among the troop of thoughts that gripped him.

He studied it closely a moment, grunted and then grinned.

"Uncle Nick," he muttered. "Heel deepest—he's jumped—where from?"

He glanced at the other side of the road where the take-off must have been to find a leap just there and after a short search found where the old man's boot had scraped the moss a little in making the spring.

"Amin' fr that slab of sandstone," he chuckled, his eyes losing a mite of their hardness, "fell a bit shy and landed in the soft dirt—mighty good jump, at that, fr a man with eighty-old years on 'is back."

Stooping again over the isolated footprint, he examined it with closest attention, trying at the same time to call up all the lore of the trail that the old ranger had taken such pride in teaching him—the wise and wonderful ways of woodcraft that he had taken an equal pride in learning, until next to Uncle Nick himself, he was known to be the most skillful woodsmen along the Wabash. As he looked, a grass stem that had been bent down and slightly hung in the soil suddenly loosed and straightened.

"Hot trail, ol' scouthmaster," he muttered, in the half spoken soliloquy that nature sometimes teaches her favorites. "And there yu go, pickin' yur steps so's t' hit the hard spots and miss the soft ones."

A sudden thoughtfulness crossed his face. "I wonder why y're so p'ct'lar t' hide yur trail, though—there ain't no Pottawatomie t' find it no more. Mebbe the woods just filled y'st full this wonderful morning, like they have me, that y'u can't help playin' a while at the ol' war game of the trail. Well, I'll play with y'u

shoulders. She glanced again at the bushes, listened a moment, drew a step nearer and lowered her voice.

"You're in dreadful danger, an' I was comin' t' warn y'u. I don't know what y've done, but y'u ain't safe a minute. Of course I know y'u hurt brother Loge's hand, but it ain't that, an' there's another man more dangerous than him, an' a—third man more dangerous than both. There was eyes on y'u yester'day. Ther' ain't none on y'n this mornin'—n'r on me, an' that's why I could slip away—but ther' will be. Stay out of the woods, an' don't show a light at night, an' don't come out if anybody calls y'u"—she involuntarily glanced up the hollow, shivered, wrung her hands—"an' please, please, don't breathe a word about seein' me! They'd kill me if they knew—ever brother Loge could withstand 'em."

She was talking fast, in low and hurried whispers. Apparently she fancied that her words were not making the full impression she wished, for she drew still nearer—so close that Jack could hear the quick purr of her breath.

"You ain't sneered!" She stopped; stood studying him; "But, of course, I don't reckon y'u would be a man like you. But please believe me, an' heed me. The woods has eyes; the night has knives." She bent her head; she seemed struggling with some inner thought. "That—third man," she muttered, "he waits, an' kills."

She whirled on the instant, like some startled creature of the woods, and was gone. He strode a surprised step after her, even called softly. There came back to him only the low swish of the bushes and the soft fall of receding steps.

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and I'll run y'u down b'fore the shadow of the bluffs climbs out of the crick."

After a searching glance in every direction, so keen and critical that it appeared to handle with minuteness every bush and tree within range of his eye, and a further moment spent in sounding the woods for any false note they might carry, he threw the shotgun into the hollow of his arm and took up the trail.

It led across the two or three rods of broken ground between the road and the little stream, which, at that point, sparkled along over a shallow riffle. Once, as his old friend had sprung from stone to stone in crossing, his boot had slipped and gone into the water. After that every alternate stone on which he had stepped, was still damp from the wet boot.

Jack had followed to a point well within sight of Loge Belden's cabin when, barely a hundred yards ahead, he caught a glimpse of a man stealing from cover to cover—just flash as he flitted from one hazel thicket to another, but that was enough. That tall form, erect as an Indian, those iron-gray locks, falling loosely from under the quaint old cap of hand-dressed coonskin, could belong to but one man in the world—Uncle Nick.

Jack instantly darted to cover and began stalking the old ranger. Barely fifty yards separated them when, as he peeped from behind an oak, he saw the old man steal out from a dense thicket of wild grape-vines, dart across an open space and throw himself flat behind a decaying log.

Crawling up behind a huge sugar maple that stood barely more than a rod from the log, Jack rose to his feet, the old man separated them when, he thought, he started to cover and with the dread of discovery in her startled eyes. He hitched the blouse loose from his shoulder and glanced out across the hollow without meeting his old friend's look.

"What gal?"

The old man jerked a hand toward the opposite bluff.

"Aw, I just glimpsed one a-pealin' along through the brush yonder an' allowed mebbe y'u might a' run across 'er."

He stood chewing the sassafras shoot and looking away down the hollow in the direction of Black rock. The young man breathed easier—the girl's secret was safe. The hawklike eyes had missed the chance meeting—seemingly the one thing they had missed, as his next words half started to go out.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased some, and after using five cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Allen Lewis, R. 1, Box 25, Georgetown, Miss.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bath with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sample Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden 48, Mass. Sold every where.

1923 Cuticura Soaps, Shaves without mug.

and I'll run y'u down b'fore the shadow of the bluffs climbs out of the crick."

After a searching glance in every direction, so keen and critical that it appeared to handle with minuteness every bush and tree within range of his eye, and a further moment spent in sounding the woods for any false note they might carry, he threw the shotgun into the hollow of his arm and took up the trail.

It led across the two or three rods of broken ground between the road and the little stream, which, at that point, sparkled along over a shallow riffle.

Once, as his old friend had sprung from stone to stone in crossing, his boot had slipped and gone into the water. After that every alternate stone on which he had stepped, was still damp from the wet boot.

The young man turned away and stood gazing out across the brush-tangled hollow.

"And me thinkin' t' take by surprise the famous ranger that found the trail of the great Tecumseh, when it was hid from the best of the runners," he said warmly—"and you was just playin' with me."

At reference to the far-famed achievement of his younger days, the shoulders of the old hunter seemed to grow

AMERICAN THEATRE

Popular With The People

Today and Friday



The GUNFIGHTER

Story by JOHN FREDERICK
Directed by LYNN REYNOLDS

Also
RUTH ROLAND in
"THE TIMBER QUEEN"Saturday
JACK HOXIE
—IN—"Don Quickshot of
the Rio Grande"One Day Only
Also
William Duncan ad
Edith Johnson
—IN—

"The Steel Trail"



THE extremely fair prices asked for Goodyear Tires year in and year out are shown in the chart above. Goodyear Tires are selling today for 45% less than in 1920; 39% less than in 1914. Despite this, their quality was never so high as now. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

As Goodyear Service Station Dealer the new Goodyear Cords with the beaded All-Weather Tread and back them up with standard Goodyear Service.

Ada Service and Filling Station
F. A. Ford.
Kincaid Buick Co.
W. E. Harvey.
Walter N. Wray Motor Co.

GOOD YEAR

City Briefs

Get it at Gwin & Mays.

Russell Battery Co., Willard Service and Sales. Phone 140. 8-6-1m

Bill Donavan of Tulsa was a business visitor in Ada today.

Second hand gas stoves bought and sold. Gay Electric Co. 11-9-1mo

Watch for Stanfield's ad in Friday's Paper. 11-22-1t

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dowdy of Coff were in the city today.

Attend the Auto-Show. —Ford Agency. All this week. 11-21-3t

APPLES for cooking and eating. Call the Ada Seed Co., phone 300.

"Sunshine" Joe Thomas blew in town from Utah today.

Don't forget the Palm Garden. Phone 193. 11-7-1t

Watch for Stanfield's ad in Friday's Paper. 11-22-1t

Willie D. Davis of Ada is in the Ada Hospital for treatment.

Attend the Auto-Show. —Ford Agency. All this week. 11-21-3t

Free Instructions, Paris Roller Rink. 11-21-2t

Prof Myers of the College is in Constance in the interest of the extension of the work of the college.

Free: \$10 set of attachments with every Apex Cleaner. Rollow Hardware Co., Phone for demonstration. 11-22-4t

F. J. McFarland of the Harris Hotel is smiling as a result of the oil booms in this country. Hotel business is increasing.

Meet me at the Paris Roller Rink, under new management 11-21-2t

See the new Ford models at the Auto show. Ford Agency. All this week. 11-21-3t

Several members of the Lions Club went to Irving school this morning to observe the work Prof. Kilmough and his faculty are doing. This is in keeping with the spirit of Education Week.

Who sells Federal Tires. The Square Deal. 11-12-1t

Meet me at the Paris Roller Rink, under new management 11-21-2t

S. J. Richmond, who held a farm sale near Colbert Wednesday, says it was fairly successful. Joe Riddle is holding a sale today at the Riddle farm twelve miles southeast of here, selling registered stock.

All Choctaw Gins pay the market price for pecans and peanuts. 11-16-1st

Open evenings till 9 o'clock. Auto Show all this week at the Ford Agency. 11-21-3t

Mrs. P. W. Riggins and son, Dick, of Weleetka are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mount, 111 West Fifteenth street.

APPLES for cooking and eating. Call the Ada Seed Co., phone 300.

Alcohol for your radiator, Oliver & Nettles. 11-4-1m

Tom Lebow of Oklahoma City a member of a livestock commission, was in Ada today looking after business matters.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock. Auto Show all this week at the Ford Agency. 11-21-3t

Call your friend at the Palm Garden. Phone 193. 11-7-1t

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hensley returned from Albuquerque, N. M., today.

We will call for chickens. Call Ada Poultry & Egg Co. 10-4-1mo

Sell your pecans and peanuts to the Nut House, next to county scales. T. M. Corbin, buyer. 11-16-1st

The Palm Garden. Phone 193. 11-7-1t

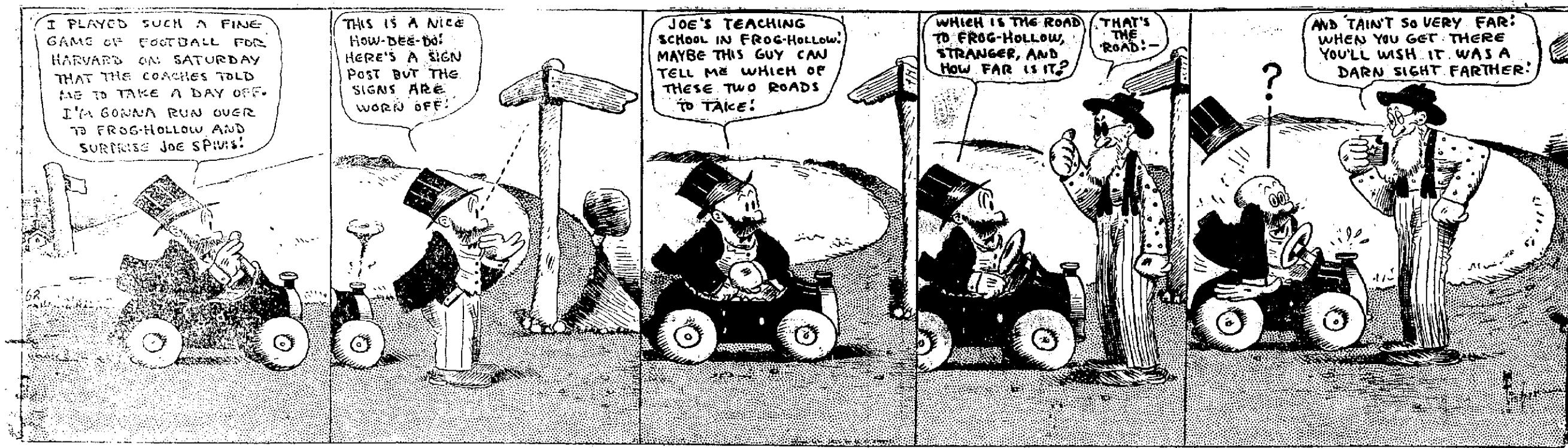
Sales 2½ times as much as that of any other brand

BEST BY TEST

The Palm Garden. Phone 193. 11-7-1t

MUTT AND JEFF—Evidently Froghollow Must be Some Dump.

By Bud Fisher

We Use Nothing but
FRESH HOME-KILLED MEATS.
BRANSOME'S GROCERY & MARKET
Call 787-788

Young men's suits with 2 pair pants, \$30 up
Support your Ada Hi football game tomorrow



The price of advertising under this head is 1/2 cents a word a day, with a minimum charge of 25 cents. If run by the month, the rate is \$1.25 a line. Except for those who run regular monthly advertising accounts, all classified advertisements must be paid for when given in.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Nice 6 room house, close in. S. Jacobson. 11-22-31*

FOR RENT—One 5 room house on East side. Phone 767. 11-21-51*

FOR RENT—L. J. Crowder's furnished home. Phone 283. 11-19-43*

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment and bedrooms, 704 E. Main St. Phone 1123. 11-20-34*

FOR RENT—Nice front bedroom, gentleman preferred. 521 E. Main, phone 1072-W. 11-20-34*

FOR RENT—Modern screen house on South Route. Phone 41. W. T. Cox. 11-19-63*

FOR RENT—Light housekeeping rooms near Normal. Phone 765. 11-19-53*

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apartment and 2 rooms. 117 East 14th. 10-26-19*

FOR RENT—Close in, nice apartments, also nicely furnished front bedrooms. Phone 922-W 123 West 13. Mrs. Wicks. 10-29-19*

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Lots 1 and 2, block 6, Glenwood Addition. T. L. Sizler, 622 N. Marston, Ranger, Texas. 11-19-43*

FOR SALE—Modern 5 room house on West 13th street. See M. W. Ligon or call 144. 11-22-61*

FOR SALE OR TRADE for town property, two black land farms. Phone 139. Mrs. Frank Jackson. 11-22-21*

FOR SALE practically new Kimball make piano now in Ada, customer unable to pay, attractive price and terms, to save shipment, a snap for someone. Frederickson-Kroh Music Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. 11-22-21*

DANDY BUICK SIX, five passenger touring car for sale, at a sacrifice; has 3 new tires and two excellent; good mechanical order. I have quit traveling; my only reason for selling. If you appreciate a good bargain, grab this one at \$150. Dee Type-writerman. Phone 376. 11-22-31*

LOST

LOST—Brown spotted Martin choker or about noon Wednesday between Oil Mill and Home Dining Room. Return to Ada News and receive reward. 11-22-21*

TRY A NEWS WANT AD FOR RESULTS

WANTED

CREAM for the manufacture of butter. Highest possible price paid—quick service.

Ada Ice Cream & Creamery Co.



DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—Here is where Physical Culture really was useful to Mother

Ada Train Schedule

A. T. & S. F. Schedule
West Bound Trains
Train No. 449 Arrives 10:05 a.m.
Train No. 449 Departs 10:05 a.m.
Train No. 446 Departs 12:20 p.m.
East Bound Trains
Train No. 446 Arrives 11:40 a.m.
Train No. 450 Arrives 2:00 p.m.
Train No. 450 Arrives 2:00 p.m.

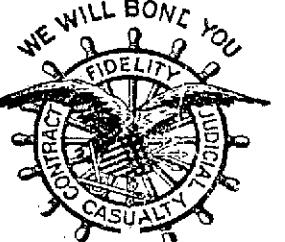
Frisco Lines
Time Table
North Bound
No. 510 12:30 p.m.
No. 512 (Leaves) 5:15 p.m.
No. 118 3:22 a.m.

South Bound
No. 511 12:30 p.m.
No. 507 (Arrives) 7:35 p.m.
No. 117 12:29 a.m.

Katy Line—To Coalgate on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at about 8 a.m.

From Coalgate on Monday, Wednesday and Friday about noon.

Business Directory



United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. EBEY, SUGG & CO. General Agents

CHAS. E. SPRAGUE JEWELER

Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing ALL WORK GUARANTEED Guaranty State Bank Building

F. R. LAIRD DENTIST

Office Phone 886—Box 589 Office in Shaw Building—Room 3 Ada, Oklahoma

F. C. SIMS INSURANCE

Real Estate, Fire and Tornado insurance. A share of premium is solicited and will receive prompt attention; office in I. O. O. F. Bldg. Insurance, Farm and City Loans

The Doctors Say: Eat a Lot of Ice Cream GET IT FROM YOUR DEALER or call SOUTHERN ICE & UTILITIES CO Phone 244

AMBULANCE SERVICE Licensed Lady Embalmer Phone 618—261-203 East Main

Professional Directory

Get the Facts About YOUR EYES by Consulting

COON the Reliable Optometrists

120 W. Main Ada, Okla.

GRANGER & GRANGER DENTISTS

Phone 312—Norris-Haney Bldg.

Ed. Granger, Phone 477 T. H. Granger, Phone 529

C. A. CUMMINS UNDERTAKER

Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director.

First Class Ambulance Service

121 West 12th St., Phone 693 Office Phone 1 Ada, Phone 525

ISHAM L. CUMMINGS PHYSICIAN SURGEON

X-Ray Laboratory — Rallow Bldg.

IF IT IS GLASSES YOU NEED

SEE WARREN AND SEE BETTER

A registered optometrist will take care of your needs at

DUNCAN BROS.

Big Jewelry Store

105 East Main Phone 618

CRISWELL & MYERS FUNERAL DIRECTORS

AMBULANCE SERVICE Licensed Lady Embalmer Phone 618—261-203 East Main

